Wellsboro Agitator.

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The Agitator.

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J. C. VAN GELDER. | A. F. BARNES.

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BUSINESS CARDS 5 lines or less, $5.00 per year.

Business Cards.

C. H. Seymour,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Tioga Pa. All business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention.—Jan. 1, 1872.

Geo. W. Merrick,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.—Office in Bowen & Cone's block, across hall from Agitator Office, 2d floor, Wellsboro, Pa.—Jan. 1, 1872.

Mitchell & Cameron,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Claim and Insurance Agents. Office in Roy's block, over Van Order's liquor store, Wellsboro, Pa.—Jan. 1, 1872.

William A. Stone,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, over C. B. Kelley's Dry Good Store, Wright & Bailey's Block on Main street. Wellsboro, Jan 1, 1872.

Josiah Emery & C. D. Emery,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.—Office opposite Court House, No. 1 Purdy's Block, Williamsport, Pa. All business promptly attended to.—Jan. 1, 1872.

J. C. Strang,

ATTORNEY AT LAW & DISTRICT ATTORNEY.—Office with E. Nelson Esq., Mansfield, Pa.—Jan. 1, '72.

J. B. Niles,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.—Will attend promptly to business entrusted to his care in the counties of Tioga and Potter. Office on the Avenue.—Wellsboro, Pa., Jan. 1, 1872.

Jno. W. Adams,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Mansfield, Tioga county, Pa. Collections promptly attended to.—Jan. 1, 1872.

Jno. W. Guernsey,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.—All business entrusted to him will be promptly attended to.—Office 1st door south of Stearns & Farr's store, Tioga, Tioga county, Pa. Jan. 1, 1872.

Armstrong & Linn,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Williamsport, Pa.
WM. H. ARMSTRONG. SAMUEL LINN. Jan. 1, 1872.

Wm. B. Smith,

PENSION ATTORNEY, Bounty and Insurance Agent. Communications sent to the above address will receive prompt attention. Terms moderate.—Knoxville, Pa., Jan. 1, 1872

Van Gelder & Barnes,

JOB PRINTERS.—All kinds of Job Printing done on short notice, and in the best manner. Office in Bowen & Cone's Block, 2d floor.—Jan. 1, 1872.

W. D. Terbell & Co.,

WHOLESALE DRUGGIST, and dealers in Wall Paper, Reflecting Lamps, Window Glass, Perfumery, Paints, Oil, &c.—Corning, N. Y. Jan. 1, 1872.

D. Bacon, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, 1st. door east of Laughlin's Hotel—Main Street. Will attend promptly to all calls.—Wellsboro, Jan. 1, 1872.

A. M. Ingham, M. D.,

HOMŒOPATHIST, Office at his residence on the Avenue.—Wellsboro, Pa., Jan. 1, 1872.

W. W. Webb, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.—Office—Opening out of Hastings & Co.'s Drug Store.—Wellsboro, Pa., Jan. 1, 1872.

Seeley, Coats & Co.,

BANKERS, Knoxville, Tioga Co., Pa.—Receive money on deposit, discount notes, and sell drafts on New York City. Collections promptly made.
HORACE SEELEY, Osceola. VINE CHANDLER,
Jan. 1, 1872. DAVID COATS, Knoxville.

J. Parkhurst & Co.,

Bankers, Elkland, Tioga Co., Pa.
JOEL PARKHURST,
Jan 1, 1872. JOHN PARKHURST,
C. L. PATTISON.

Sabinsville Hotel,

SABINSVILLE, PA., D. Churchill, Proprietor.—This House is in good condition to accommodate the travelling public in a superior manner.—Jan. 1, 1872.

Petrolium House,

WESTFIELD, PA., Geo. Close, Proprietor.—Good accommodation for both man and beast. Charges reasonable, and good attention given to guests. Jan. 1, 1872.

Farmers' Temperance Hotel.

NATHAN MONROE, having purchased this house, intends that in future as in the past, strictly on temperance principles. Every accommodation for man and beast. Charges reasonable.—Wellsboro, Pa., Jan. 1, 1872

Union Hotel.

WM. H. VAN HORN, Proprietor, Wellsboro, Pa.—This house is pleasantly located, and has all the conveniences for man and beast. Charges moderate.—Jan. 1, 1872.

Wellsboro Hotel,

CORNER MAIN ST. & THE AVENUE,

Wellsboro, Pa.

SOL. BUNNEL, Prop'r.

This old well known Hotel lately kept by B. B. Holiday, is now open for the reception of guests. No pains to make it a first-class house. Stages arrive and depart from this Hotel. Good hostler in attendance. Livery attached. Jan. 1, 1872.

Hotel for Sale.

The subscriber offers for sale his Hotel, situated in Ansonia, Tioga Co., Pa., formerly known as the "Ansonia House." Is a large house, containing 30 rooms, and in good repair. Good barn attached. Work just begun on a new house adjoining, which will be finished next spring. The house will be sold at a large sum. A good man can make a fortune at this place while the road is being built. For further particulars inquire on the premises.
C. B. WHITELD,
Ansonia, Tioga Co., Pa. Blossburg, Pa.

THE OLD PENNSYLVANIA HOUSE

Formerly known as the Townsend House and lately occupied by D. D. Holiday, has been thoroughly refitted and refurnished by

M. R. O'CONNOR,

Happy to accommodate the old friends of the house at very reasonable rates.
Jan. 1, 1872-1y. M. R. O'CONNOR.

NATIONAL HOTEL,

Williamsport, Pa., conducted on strict temperance principles by the subscriber, who spares no pains to make this house a pleasant home for the travelling public. Being well supplied with good stables and stable-room, he will at all times offer travellers every comfort for both man and beast.
Nov. 15, 1871-tf. WM. B. HALL.

Batchelder & Johnson,

PROPRIETORS OF THE

WELLSBORO MARBLE WORKS,

Main Street opposite Foundry,

WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA.

MONUMENTS, TOMBSTONES, TABLE TOPS, COUNTERS, &c.

All other Marble work executed neatly, and at reasonable rates. We also furnish to order, Marble and Slate Mantles, Grates, Fenders, &c.
Jan. 1, 1872, 3m J. H. BACHELDER
F. A. JOHNSTON.

House and Lot for Sale.

The undersigned offers for sale his House and Lot on Main street, in Elkland, Pa., at a very low price. Lot contains one-half acre, and is under good cultivation. For terms, &c., apply to the subscriber.
Elkland, Pa., Feb. 21, 1872-tf. O. P. BABCOCK.

Asleep.

My baby sleeps! All through the dreadful night,
While her shrill cries smote on our shrinking ears,
In agony I prayed that morning light
Might bring her rest. She has it—O, my tears!
Well may your bitter falling floods attest
I had no thought to crave *eternal* rest
For her who sleeps.

Turn back the sheet—O darling baby face!
Each polished temple shaded by one curl
Of flossy gold. How could such angel grace
Be only mortal! Hush, poor heart! A girl
Must be a woman; and we mothers know
How oft *that* name's synonymous with woe—
'Tis well, she sleeps.

Put on her now the tiny robe I wrought,
Before those sweet blue eyes had seen the light
When every stitch was wet with loving thought
Toward God for His great gift. Now pure and white,
Unsullied by its stay, I yield it back,
The one sweet snow-drop in life's wintry track—
My child, who sleeps.

Ah, fearful thought! Perhaps in coming years
Sin might have touched that flower at my side
With blasting breath—when e'en my bitterest tears
Could only fall to know it had *not died*,
Sweet blossom! and been bound up in our dear Lord's sheaves,
While Heaven's own dew still lingered on its leaves,
Sent her this sleep.

God's ways are best. Here, by this little bed
That holds the form whereon His seal is set,
I, "who was once a mother," o'er my dead
As o'er my new-born babe, repeat it yet—
He saw the future hidden from my eyes,
And with a love all tender and all wise,
Sent her this sleep.

—*The Chicago Journal.*

The Life of Man.

Before the beginning of years
There came to the making of man
Time, with a gift of tears;
Grief, with a glass that ran;
Pleasure, with pain for leaven;
Summer, with flowers that fell;
Remembrance, fallen from heaven,
And madness, risen from hell;
Strength, without hands to smite;
Love, that endures for a breath;
Night, the shadow of light,
And life, the shadow of death.
And the high gods took in hand
Fire, and the falling of tears,
And a measure of shifting sand
From under the drift of years;
And froth and drift of the sea,
And dust of the laboring earth;
And bodies of things to be
In the houses of death and birth;
And wrought with weeping and laughter,
And fashioned with loathing and love,
With life before and after,
And death beneath and above,
For a day and a night and a morrow,
That his strength might endure for a span
With travail and heavy sorrow,
The holy spirit of man.

—*Swinburne.*

THE LAND OF PITCH, TAR AND TERPENTINE.

A Letter from North Carolina.

BOREAS IN THE SUNNY SOUTH—A PARADISE FOR LUMBERMEN—SHIFTLESS FARMING—MEN AND MONEY WANTED—KING COTTON SPREADING HIMSELF—A TWO-LEGGED AND FOUR-LEGGED EXODUS—MOSS-GROWN VILLAGES AND SATISFIED SECESSIONISTS—THE LAND FOR NIMROD AND IZAAK WALTON.

Editor Agitator:—Perhaps you will not take it amiss at receiving a small bundle of C. S. A. notes—just issued and ready for circulation. They are plentiful here, and only need picking up and setting down.

Shivering around your base burners, aren't you tired of stoking up the fires? and has the sight of snow lost its charms? Then turn your envious eyes this way; but as to turning hitherward your feet, *that's* quite another question—unless, indeed, the printer's motto, as the politician's, be: "half a loaf better than none." For, though Winter here lose much of his bold front and flaky aspect, he nevertheless has a tolerably searching way with him; and is far from being the lamblike creature a frigid Pennite (from the northern border) is wont to imagine. True, the face of old Boreas is much modified at this distance from his icy home, and only occasionally does he put on his fleecy mantle, directly throwing it off again,—yet, many a day, his moist touch pinches you blue, and his breath, telling of snowbanks recently visited, sets you all in a quiver.

Winter weather in eastern North Carolina, and the same of Virginia, is as shifty as the affections of the most nimble coquette, everything by turns and nothing long,—in its vibrating, seesaw moods, not unlike Cowper's man: "fond of variety and studious of change." To-day the heavens are bright, the air balmy; to-morrow, presto, and yesterday's glory has gone glimmering, and, in its stead—anything, from a drenching rain, or ungentle zephyrs, to a chilling sleet that is crusting all out-doors. And so alternating "from grave to gay, from lively to severe," mercury hurries up and down the scale, and the passing days are not long on the same leg. Now with coat thrown off for comfort, soon, for the same reason, you are piling the audirous high with wood; from reading or writing out on the veranda, a sung corner is sought indoors. The pervading moisture of the atmosphere, and the quick, frequent, and constantly recurring "changes of base" in the temperature, tend to make the winter months in this latitude *shocking* even to a northener. Especially, when to this unsteady habit of the elements, is added the practice of the people of allowing the doors of their houses, in all weathers, to be ajlop or ajar; much of the time you are in an uncomfortable between-and-betwixt state of being too warm for a fire or an overcoat and too cold without.

Doubtless this is the "Sunny South" small patches of which are vouchsafed to these passing days, and as speedily snatched away—mere glimpses, as fleeting as angels' visits and only a little less rare. Whatever wealth of beams he may have in store for the fervent summer-time, clearly the Sun is no spendthrift now—keeping *shady* during cloudy weather.

This old North State is the land of the Pine, and, consequently, of tar, turpentine, and rosin. Pine forests are on either hand, and stretching away in the distance as far as the eye can reach; pine, pine, pine, with very few stragglers of any other sort—a sight tempting to the lumberman, and which he is already beginning to improve. All along the coast, and for many miles back in the interior, the country is one continuous flat, no hint of a hill—necessitating, on the part of the farmer, a good deal of ditching. No cultivated field but requires to be thrown up in ridges in such manner as to form a sort of checkerboard of ditches; those surrounding the plat quite deep, the others shallow. Owing to the lowly, unpiring surface of the land the roads run evenly on and on, no tugging up hill, no holding back; simplifying by half the harness gear—even tugs are wholly dispensed with except in pleasure driving. The two-wheeled cart is the universal carry-all in use here, and is attached to the mule or ox by a short strap securing the ends of the thills to the hame or yoke.

While here and there a show of life is manifest, the general appearance is one of dilapidation. Fences out of repair, and in many cases gone altogether; buildings neglected and badly battered in their battle with time. On every side Nature is reoccupying large tracts of land once reclaimed to cultivation. Instances of this relapse are by no means the exception. Surrender to, and not attack upon, the original domain, seems to be the practice now as it has been for many years. No sooner is a field left to itself than the pine takes possession. A curious sight to see: corn rows plainly visible running through gloomy forests, where, it is scarcely an exaggeration to say, that pines eighty to a hundred feet high are standing as thick as ever the corn hills did.

The farms are of the old plantation pattern, seldom less than a thousand acres, with occasionally one several times that, stretching miles along the road on either side. With these wide spaces between boundary lines, neighbors are not annoyingly near. Some of the whilom plantations that used to run smoothly in ante-bellum days, are being broken up to pay off accumulating debts: many are offered for sale. The war and its consequences threw their management out of the old ruts, and the owners find it difficult to conform to the altered condition of things.

Tillage, as practiced here still, in fact, the whole system of farming (if *system* it have), is superficial in every phase—the merest skimming; not alone indifferently poor, but wretchedly miserable. Fields are cropped season after season, and next to nothing returned to them. Stock, goes uncared for. Cattle, sheep, and hogs forage at large all Winter over the fields and through the woods, and come out in the Spring walking skeletons.

Until of late years the principal crops raised in this section were corn, oats, and wheat. Cotton, heretofore but little cultivated, proves to be well adapted to the soil and climate, and year by year more and more acres are given up to this old time King. Though a *growing* favorite he will not speedily be ambitious to claim (with his dusky retinue) an inheritance in the Territories. Nearly every variety of fruit thrives well here: the apple, peach, pear, grape, strawberry, &c, though as yet failing to receive the attention they merit. Big stories are told of a native grape, the Scupernong, single vines of which are said to spread over *half an acre*, and produce abundantly (as becomes such a patriarch) of large, luscious clusters: I believe though there are *no* clusters about it, but each individual globule by itself. Of all the products set before me at this season, the yam strikes me most favorably—in the stomach.

The great need of this whole region is more labor. During the late "unpleasantness," Burnside's expidition into these waters had a loosening effect on the "peculiar institution" over a goodly number of plantations lying all about here. Anticipating the "proclamation" many of the slaves took the *liberty* of declaring themselves free, stupidly forgetting their allegiance to fond masters. At night massa would retire the happy owner of thirty or forty variously shaded "helps," to find in the morning that they also had gone into retirement—*over the lines*, of course. And not unfrequently the mules showed such attachment for the darkies who had wollopped them so faithfully, that they too had gone in the same direction—safe in the Federal camp. Many of the colored people neglected to come back, and the mules were equally unmindful.—And they are sadly missed here to-day—the two-legged and the four-legged.

In losing his slaves the planter frequently lost his ability to hire, and gets on in a crippled way. Money, as well as labor, is wanted to infuse new life into this section, and set the wheels of industry and prosperity well agoing.

If you have a curiosity to see a *finished* village or town, *done brown* for a score of years, where the sound of trowel or hammer is not heard, extend your travels at random here. Yearlings have to be pulled upon the roofs to eat the moss off!

As to the prevailing sentiment with reference to any future Secession movement, take this specimen brick—within the last few days said a grayback who was in the southern army through the whole of the four years fight: "When they want me again they may call for volunteers, then draft, and *before they'll get me* they will have to *conscript all the hollow logs in the swamps!*"

This is a very paradise for sportsmen—off the coast and along all the rivers. Currituck and Albermarle Sounds seem alive with fish. At some of the fisheries there are sometimes taken at a single draw of the seine as high as a hundred and fifty thousand: herring, shad, rockfish, sturgeon, bluefish, perch, flounders, &c., &c. While, floating upon the waters, are thousands of swans, wild geese, and ducks—a beautiful sight! What better calculated to make a Nimrod or an Izaak Walton dance with delight? as, also,

Yours, A. L. E.

Perquimans Co., N. C., Feb. 24, 1872.

The Wreath of Mallow.

An English picture of the fifteenth century: A village green, three-sided; around the green, three rows of uneven cottages; in its midst, a pool where ducks were taking an evening swim; beside the pool, a great shady oak with a seat and well beneath it. On the rustic seat were two old men, chatting in old cracked voices, and at the well a girl in a red kirtle was drawing water.—The sun, beginning to sink, threw flakes of bright rose-color on the girl's head, the ducks' backs, the shiny sides of the oak leaves. At one side of the village rose a soft hill dotted with juniper bushes, and fringed atop with oaks and beeches, among which a proud castle hid all but its topmost towers from the lower world. On the other side stood a church on a tree-strewn, grave-sown bank. It was a small church; the chancel walls were new and yet unfinished; the fresh clean stone wore a rosy flush in the evening sunlight; there was a hum of voices around the building; masons were packing up their tools and leaving work for the night. Presently they came, laughing and chattering, into the village; some came to rest on the seat beneath the oak and hailed the old men:

"Well, gaffer, how goes the world with you?"

One or two began to help the girl with the bucket; a couple, who had walked together talking as far as the well, parted there, and one went straight to a cottage facing the church. At an open window of that house a poor thin little face was looking out at the sweet country scene; a white face, sadly old, yet sadly young, with hollow, thoughtful eyes, and two thin hands to prop it up. When the workman came to that window (which was nothing more than a square hole with shutters) a smile came over his hard countenance as he nodded his head cheerily to the owner of the pale face, who smiled back in his turn very sweetly. Inside the cottage, one could see that this face, which was as delicate as a girl's, belonged to a boy, perhaps fourteen years old, but crooked and stunted in growth, who was half lying, half kneeling on a wooden bench, with both elbows propped on the window sill. One could see this, indeed, though but faintly, on coming out of the pure outdoor air, for chimneys were as yet only luxuries for monasteries and great men's houses; and the smoke from the cottage fire, over which the mason's wife was cooking the supper in an iron pot, came wreathing and curling about the room, all slow and graceful and gray, before it found its way out at the window, or at the hole in the roof intended for its accommodation.—The workman set down his basket of tools with a long breath, which told that he thus laid aside the burden of his day's labor.—Then he went up to the boy and laid his hand tenderly on the high, deformed shoulder.

"Well, Martin," he said. No more, for words were hard things to him; but the boy understood his father, and put up one hand to clasp the strong, rough one which lay on his neck. The two hands made a great contrast, and were a little history in themselves. Father and son looked out together at the green, the pool, the chattering people; but Martin's eyes rested most fondly on the church.

"How happy you must be, father," he said at last.

"The mason gave a loud 'ha ha!'"

"Do you hear what the lad says, wife?"

"But are you not very happy?" asked Martin, raising his look wonderingly to his father's face.

"I don't know, boy; one doesn't think of such things as being happy when one has to work for bread."

"But the happiness is that you can do such beautiful work for bread and serve the Lord, too, at the same time," replied Martin, eagerly.

Here the mother, who had poured from the pot on a great wooden dish a piece of beef garnished with cabbage and swimming in the broth which it had been boiled in, came up to her little son, and saying that supper was ready, took him in her arms as easily as if he had still been a baby, and propped him up on an oaken settle, with a black sheepskin, soft and thick, rolled into a bolster to support him. The father asked a blessing on the food, and then they began to eat.

"A supper fit for a prince," said the mason.

"It is a good piece of meat," answered the wife. "They have had guests at the castle, and there was much flesh and good white bread also given away at the gates to-day."

"Father," asked Martin, presently, while pecking at his supper as delicately as a bird, with but little appetite for the meal, "father, did not the master builder come with you to the oak?"

"Yes, boy, he did."

"He was talking to you like a friend, father."

"He talked as pleasant and easy as Richard Longcheek might have done, he told me all that has to be done in our church."

"Oh, father, tell me!" cried Martin, with sparkling eyes.

"Well. When we have finished the chancel, with its fine fretwork and all the difficult tracery in the east window, which the master will have to do himself, there will be fine colored glass put in, and pictures will be painted on the walls."

"Who will paint those, father?"

"Some men are coming across the sea, from the land called Italy, to do them, so the master told me. But there will be a year and more a painting; we shall have finished our work long before that."

"Have you more than the chancel to build, father?"

"yes, boy; we have to put up two screens of fine open work, like the great window, at the east end of the south aisle, to make a chapel, where Sir Simon de Harcourt and the dame his wife will be laid when they are dead; and a grand tomb will be raised over them, with their figures carved in stone upon it."

"The dame Mildred passed through the village to-day, and she smiled kindly on me," said Martin. "She had a queer thing on her head, like the church steeple for shape, made all of fine blue silk, and a veil of lawn hung down her back from the top of it."

"People bring back such follies when they go to London," said the wife. "I like the old ways best; but it is fit for the nobles to have new and fine things, and the Lady Mildred is a good woman."

"Sir Simon is a thrifty man and a generous," added her husband, "to spend his money on the church building."

"It will cost a great sum beyond a doubt."

"A great sum! It will cost a good thousand pound, the master tells me."

"A thousand pound!" cried both mother and son; for a pound was of more value at the close of the fifteenth century than it is now.

"And yet Sir Simon de Harcourt is not so rich as some of his neighbors," added the wife.

"His lands are not broad, but he is none of your rash nobles, like one I have heard tell of, who had fifty suits of golden tissue; and instead of building one of these new fashioned mansions of wood, all carved and plastered, he is content to live in stone, as his fathers did."

"But if he were to build him a new house, it would be a new work for you," said the wife.

"True wife; but in the end I like better to see those that can be living in good stone as they did in the fair old times, before those luxuries came in or chimneys and soft sleeping."

After a little pause Martin heaved a deep sigh.

"What is it, child?" asked the mother, tenderly. "Are you in pain?"

"No; but I do so wish I could work in the church, like father," he answered, in a low voice.

The mason laughed.

"You'll never do that, boy," he said.

But the mother understood her son better and laid her hand softly on his thin fingers.

"Now we must show father something; shall we?" she said.

Martin nodded; and going to an oaken locker, she opened it, and brought out a fresh stone crocket or finial delicately carved in the shape of three young fern fronds; two tightly curled up and nodding towards each other, the third just opened enough to bend like a graceful feather over its little sisters. The mason took it and turned it over and over, while Martin looked on with anxious eyes and panting breast.

"That's a bit of work," said the father.—"That's the master's doing. Who gave it you?"

Martin's cheeks flushed red with joy, and his eyes gleamed mischievously, but the mother was too proud to keep the secret.

"It's our Martin's," she said.

"What do you mean? Who did it?"

"Our Martin himself; he did it."

"Martin! you!" The mason looked with a puzzled air from his son to his wife and back again.

"He has been working day by day when you were out, with his graudfather's old tools which you gave him," said the woman; "but he would not let me speak a word till he had something fit to show you. Isn't it pretty, now? Look at the leaves, for all the world like a bit of fern."

The mason, turning the finial over and over between his finger and thumb, muttered an occasional "hum, hum!" of admiration and pleasure.

"How did you get the fancy of it, boy?"

"One day when you carried me to the foot of the church bank, and I waited there all the morning, I played with some little ferns, and thought how pretty they would be in stone, and resolved to try if I could not make them."

"Good strokes; fair strokes; hum, hum!" murmured the mason.

Very timidly, Martin edged himself along the settle to his father's elbow, and looking in his face with wistful eagerness, said:

"There is a thing I have so longed to ask of you, father."

"What is it, boy?" asked the mason, still holding the bit of stone in one hand while he laid the other around his son's neck.

"I long so to do some work, if ever so little, in the church. I think I should so dearly like a piece of myself, to be always in the dear church long after I am gone where I cannot see it."

The workman looked puzzled.

"But building up is hard to do, child.—One must run up ladders and carry mortar, and go from place to place."

"Yes, father, in building, but not in carving. Oh, if you would but show those little ferns to the master, and ask him whether a poor little boy, who longs to do it very much, might carve a wreath in the church! This it what I have thought, father. The heads of the pillars are all rough and plain. Might I not cut a wreath of flowers on one of them? Then I should think that a little bit of me would be there always when the good fathers are preaching about Christ; and it would be a tiny offering, also, and something to show that there was such a boy as Martin once in Awburg village, who did all he could for God."

"Well, lad, it might be, in time," replied the mason. "But you are too weak now; you could not stand to the work. Wait a while till you are stronger, and then I will ask."

Martin fixed two grave eyes on his father.

"Father dear," he said, "I don't think I shall ever be strong. I don't think I shall ever see the fine pictures in the church.—But oh! I do so long to do some little, little work for God before I die. I have heard such beautiful things of heaven and of the Lord Jesus, that I cannot rest nor sleep for longing to leave behind me some sign of my thankfulness."

"Tush, tush, boy!" stammered the mason; but his eyes were red, and the mother wiped hers with her apron.

On the next day the mason spoke to the master builder of the wish of his little son, and at sunset, when the work was over, the master came to see Martin. He was dressed in better clothes than the rest, and looked to the boy almost a grand and great a gentleman as Sir Simon himself. He was very kind, and praised Martin's fern leaves highly. He promised to grant him leave, if possible, to do some work in the church, but he must first speak to Simon de Harcourt on the subject. At parting he put his finger under the lad's chin, and turning the pale thin face to him, looked at it with pity.

"You must make haste to get strong," he said, "and then you can come and join my band and be a free mason, going about from place to place to build churches and fine halls."

Martin's eyes glistened at the thought, but he shook his head and answered:

"I thank you, sir, but that will never be."

Two days later the master came again, to tell the boy that his wish might be granted if he could design a wreath fit to adorn the church. The Lady Mildred came also, on her palfrey, with her blue steeple towering above her head and the lawn veil floating round her sweet young face. She alighted at the cottage door, and came with a gentle grace towards the hard settle where the boy lay, first courteously greeting his mother.—Martin blushed with pride and pleasure to see the lady of the place come walking up to him in that kind, queenly way. She laid her hand on his curls and sat down beside him on the settle.

"So you too, wish to make an offering to the Lord," she said, smiling as sweetly, thought Martin, as angels must smile. He murmured something, he hardly knew what.

"May He bless and accept your work," she continued reverently. "It is a good thought which He has given you."

"But his father cannot see how he may reach the top of the pillar, which is ten feet high, nor how he may stand there to carve the wreath, when mounted; my lady," said the mother.

Martin looked up eagerly.

"Oh, mother! I can stand," he began.

"I and the master builder will contrive that you shall have your wish," said Dame Mildred; and her manner gave security to the boy, it said so clearly, "What I will is done."

Now she had willed and the matter was accomplished. In a few days more Martin heard through his father that it had been arranged for him to sit at his work in a chair, which should be slung from the clerestory windows with ropes, and with other ropes fixed firmly to the pillar. All that remained was for him to design a wreath worthy to adorn the church. This took now all his time and thoughts, and morning and evening, as he knelt beside the straw pallet which was his bed, with a wooden bolster for a pillow, he prayed: "O Lord, I pray Thee grant me power to do this little work, to be for ever a sign that Thou hast been so good and loving to me." God answered the child's prayer and gave him strength in part through the means of the sweet Dame Mildred, who often thought of the lame boy, and sent him dainties from her own table, and even a flock mattress and bolster; luxuries which made his mother say that they were as rich as if they lived in a palace, for no king could lie softer or eat better fare.

People in the village, hearing of Martin's great desire, used to gather and bring to him the largest flowers and brightest leaves they could find, to help him in forming his wreath, but none quite satisfied him. One day, as he sat propped up by his sheepskin, with a heap of leaves spread out upon the table before him and with an eager yet hopeless look in his eyes, for all these vain efforts were tiring him, and causing him to fear that he could not please the master, a little child, so tiny that it could scarcely toddle, came rolling in at the cottage door with its lap full of common mallow, the great red flowers and mussy leaves making up a clumsy bunch as the baby held them. She had gathered them for Martin off the church bank, and brought them in the kind wish of her generous little heart to give him pleasure. She held the flowers up to him with some baby prattle, and when he had taken them from her she toddled out again to her mother's cottage. The clusters looked ugly and hopeless enough at first to Martin, but as he placed them idly this way and that, an idea struck him suddenly and his face brightened. When his mother returned with her bucket of water, from a gossip at the well, she found her boy crouching on the floor before the hearth-stone, on which, with a cinder, he had drawn a bit of a wreath of mallow, the heavy leaves lapping one over the other, and a flower peeping out here and there.

"What a brave wreath!" cried the mother.

"O mother! if the master builder would but think so!" exclaimed Martin, flushing.

The master builder did think so.

"Why, my boy, you have designed as brave a wreath as I have seen this year," he said. So Martin's cup of joy was full, and in three days more the chair was swung up to the pillar, and the little lame boy, with his wan cheeks and happy eyes, was carried in tenderly by his father and seated in his airy throne. The workmen called it his throne, laughing, and he thought that no king was ever prouder or happier than he.—Before he drew a line upon the stone he sent up again his simple prayer: "Lord, strengthen my weak hands, and accept my work, I pray Thee." The priest came in and blessed him in God's name, and then he felt strong indeed.

So, day by day, the sick boy was carried to his place, and his thin hands, daily growing thinner, wielded the chisel well. The flowers opened, the leaves twined on one another lovingly in graceful clusters as the time went on. He placed the despised weed, which had done its poor best to adorn the graves, where it could be a beauty to the eyes for ever.

"I too am a weed," he thought, sometimes. "It is a great honor for me to be able to add one grace to God's house."

In spite of Lady Mildred's dainties and of his warm, soft bed, he grew paler and thinner, and it was seen by all that God would soon take him. As the garland grew its maker faded. The work went on slowly towards the last, for his hands were feeble and he would let no one but himself add a stroke to the wreath. Besides, there were many days on which he could not leave the cottage. At last the other masonry was done; the chancel was roofed and finished, the glass was in the window; the walls, indeed, were as yet unpainted, but that was a work of time. A day was fixed for the re-opening of the newly-decorated church. The day came. It was autumn now, and chilly, but people thronged from far and near to see the fair new chancel which Sir Simon de Harcourt had built. The choristers sang their sweet hymn; the early sun gleamed in through the dainty fretwork of the windows; the Lady Mildred and her husband knelt hand in hand beside the chapel where one day their bodies would lie side by side, when their souls were gone to rest; and a boy, with a face which seemed but the shadow of a face, carried in the arms of a strong man, raised two great bright eyes to a wreath of mallow carved upon the capital of a column in the nave, and thought:

"Sir Simon and the dame will have their figures on their tombs when they die, and, I shall have the little weed for my monument, to hear the sweet hymns, and offer up my soul upon its leaves to the Saviour day by day."

Within fourteen days the Wreath of Mallow was the only visible sign left of little Martin on this earth.

There it twined its monument for ever. The leaves are graceful still and perfect, and the flowers peep out modestly from the foliage. One of the band of free-masons carved on two other columns wreaths of leafage—hops on one, and on the other, vine; but there is something of a tender living grace in the mallow garland which the others miss, for a soul and a flickering life were bound up with it.—*People's Magazine.*

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We have opened in the borough of

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A fresh stock of

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Elkland, Dec. 13, 1871-tf.

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THE SUBSCRIBER, owing to ill-health, offers his farm for sale, situated in Charleston on the Mansfield road, about one mile from the old Fellows' hotel. Said farm can be divided into farms as the public road passes through the center, leaving two orchards on either side, containing about 90 acres, 80 acres improved, a frame house and two frame barns thereon. Said farm is in a good state of cultivation, and will be sold cheap. A portion of the purchase money can remain against the farm. For further information, inquire of the subscriber on the premises.
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I intend to sell goods at small profits, for cash, and respectfully solicit a trial from old patrons, and from all others who wish to buy groceries and staple goods at close figures.
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THE undersigned, owners of a Portable Engine, with a Carding Machine, two Lathes and a run of French Burr Stones attached, are prepared to fill orders in their business at East Charleston, Pa.

The above property is in good running order, and will be sold at a fair price, and on reasonable time.

For particulars, inquire of Geo. W. Merrick, Wellsboro, or ALONZO WHITNEY, on the premises.
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PERSONS WANTING PIANOS OR ORGANS will find it greatly to their interest to buy of

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We are selling the best Instruments at lowest prices, and on the most favorable terms.

A first-class PIANO possesses all the following essentials, viz: the tone is divested of all impurities, a perfect equality of power throughout the entire scale, with resonance and duration of tone.

The touch is elastic, equal, easy and responsive to every demand of the fingers.

A defect in any one of these points, will cause a complete failure of the instrument.

We warrant every Piano for the term of five years.

Tuning promptly attended to by the most experienced Tuners.

Instruction Books of the most approved methods for the Piano and Organ constantly on hand.

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Sash, Doors,

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We have a large stock of Cassimeres, &c., 25 per cent less than any competitor, and warranted as represented.

We manufacture to order, and do all kinds of Roll-Carding and Cloth Dressing, and defy competition.

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We wholesale and retail at the Cowanesque mills, 2 miles below Knoxville.

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